# THE DAYSPRING.

*"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."*

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THE YOUNG SCULPTOR.

## JESUS AND THE CHILDREN.

A SERMONETTE IN RHYME.

[Read on "Children's Sunday" to the Chelsea Unitarian Sunday School, June 28, 1874, by the pastor, J. B. Green.]

ONE day along the highway walked
The Saviour with his friends,
And he talked of God and duty,
And the life that never ends;

Of the glory of the kingdom
He would build upon the earth,
When the spirit of the Father
In all should have its birth.

Like strains of far-off music fell
His words upon their ears,
And aroused the slumbering echoes
Of their varied hopes and fears.

But yet their *hearts* knew not the truth
He fain would have them see;
They thought of place and power
In the kingdom that should be.

Dispute ran high who should be chief,
And each himself preferred;
The Master walked in silence on,
Though all they said he heard.

They reached the city by the lake
At setting of the sun,
And weary with their dusty walk,
At early morn begun,

They sat within the house, to rest,
Around their Friend and Lord;
In silence sat, till Jesus spoke,
And this to them his word:

"What was it ye disputed, when
We journeyed on the way?"
No answer came; each held his peace;
Each was ashamed to say.

But Jesus needed not their word;
He read them through and through,
As mothers read their children's hearts,
By love that's pure and true.

He called the Twelve still closer round,
And said, with winning voice,
"Hear ye the truth, *deep in your hearts*,
And freely make your choice.

"If any man desires to be
In my new kingdom *first*,
He must be last, and *serve* the *rest*, —
A child in loving trust."

They saw and felt his word of Truth,
And hung their heads in shame;
But Jesus knew their weaknesses,
And did not seek to blame.

And then a little child he took,
A child like *you*, or *you*,*
And set him in the midst of them, —
Of heaven a symbol true.

With wondering, anxious, awe-struck hearts,
They look upon the child, —
A simple, sweet, confiding soul,
So true, so undefiled.

They listen for the Master's word,
Yet almost dread to hear;
For, in the message now to come,
Their weakness may appear.

He knew their hearts, their hopes, their fears,
Their selfishness and pride;
The word of Truth he *must needs speak*
They may not well abide.

But love like his cannot withhold
The Truth, though hard to bear;
He knows 'twill help them rise, in time,
To mansions pure and fair.

And so, in tones of winning grace,
From out a heart of love,
He speaks the word so wisely blent, —
The serpent with the dove.

"Behold, in this confiding child,
*The men ye must* BECOME,
Converted from your selfish aims,
If heaven would be your home.

"Be humble as this little one,
Be filled with *trusting love*;
Whoso becomes a little *child*
Is *great*, in heaven above."

Their hearts were touched, their pride rebuked,
Their selfishness condemned;
A holy purpose in their souls,
Their hearts with zeal inflamed.

* The preacher pointed to two little tots in front.

They inward pledge themselves anew
To Jesus and his cause,
Resolved to live, as children, true
To God and all his laws.

And ever since, a little child,
To men the world all o'er,
Has nearer seemed to God and heaven
Than e'er was thought before.

The story went from house to house,
From heart to heart it flew,
And mothers saw and felt its truth, —
And doubtless so have you.

They sought the Lord, with eager hearts,
To bless their little brood;
To lay his hands upon their heads,
And pray they might be good.

The followers of Jesus frowned,
And straight forbade the zeal
Of those who brought the little ones,
And made them *sadly* feel.

But Jesus saw his followers' course,
Displeased, and gave rebuke;
And said, "Forbid the children not
To come, and on me look.

"I love the little children all;
My Father loves them too;
Of such as these the *kingdom* is,
And not of such as you."

Abashed, they shrank, and quick gave place;
The little ones drew near;
He took them in his loving arms,
And banished all their fear.

Those mothers' hearts were filled with joy,
And heavenly hope was theirs,
To see their little children's souls
Were blessed by Jesus' prayers.

And oft, no doubt, those mothers' hearts,
As came and went the years,
A shelter found, in Jesus' love,
From many doubts and fears.

And lives he not *to-day*, to bless
The children, as of old?
"Forbid them not," is still his word,
"To come into my fold."

And do we not indeed forbid,
And keep them from the Lord,
When, in unholy selfishness,
We fail to keep his word?

When mothers and their little ones
Would see the Saviour's face,
We keep them back, when we forget
To manifest his grace.

Then let us strive, with prayerful hearts,
Disciples true to be,
That old and young, who seek the Lord,
His face *in us* may see.

For said he not to friends of old,
Who mourned that he should leave,
"I will not leave you comfortless,
Who *loves* me need not grieve.

"Who hath, and keepeth, my commands,
*He* loveth me aright;
And I will come, and in his heart
Abide, both day and night"?

And he, who would make manifest
The Saviour unto men,
Has only but to love, and live
The Christly life again.

For God the Father, Christ's and ours,
A welcome seeks to find,
For his eternal word of life,
In every heart and mind.

Then let our minds and hearts be his,
His be our bodies too;
Our lives a living sacrifice
For God, the Good, the True!

Then shall our earthly doubts and fears
Give place to living faith;
Heaven be a present verity,
The sting be lost from death!

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AT a Sunday school the other day, a teacher asked a child, so says the "Christian at Work," the question: "Now, tell me, my dear, what were the three great feasts of the Jews?" The child thought a moment, and then answered: "Why, I suppose it means breakfast, dinner, and supper."

## THE WELSH GOAT-HERD WHO BECAME THE GREAT SCULPTOR.

THE story of the early life of Lawson, the sculptor, is full of interest to working men and their families. He was born in Wales in the beginning of the present century. His father was a miner, as were most of the inhabitants of the beautiful valley among the mountains in which he spent his childhood. Suddenly one morning in June, an alarm-bell intimated to the village that an accident had occurred in the mine. Immediately the road was filled with crowds of people, and among them was a boy of between twelve and fourteen, who was ashy pale, his legs trembling so that he could scarcely move, but who nevertheless strained every nerve to reach the mouth of the pit. The waters had got into the mine, and it was feared that all who were in it were in danger of being drowned.

Frank Lawson's mother had died four years before, and from that time his father and he had been every thing to each other. His father was in the flooded pit, and he thought, "What will become of me if I lose him too!"

All hands were instantly set to work to open a fresh passage in the mine, so as to rescue the unfortunate men as soon as possible, but this could not be accomplished in less than twenty-four hours. Frank worked among the hardest. His arm at last ceased, paralyzed by exertion, and he soon fell down senseless. A poor man who knew him lifted him carefully and carried him to his cottage, and when he awoke it was to find that his father was dead.

He was overwhelmed with grief, and his loneliness was insupportable. He mourned deeply over his loss, and was in great perplexity as to what he was to do. He continued for a week or two with the friend who had taken him home from the pit after he had made himself ill by his exertions on the morning of the accident, and won for himself many friends among the young people of the neighborhood by his kindly behavior, and by means of the many things which he cut out for them in wood. But he felt that he could not co tinue to live so. He must do something for his own support, and he obtained a situation as a shepherd boy with a gentleman of large property in the district in which the village stood.

Having at once entered on his new duties he soon became a great favorite with his master, who found that although he was so young, he was thoroughly to be trusted. Occasionally he had the company of other young persons employed by the same master, and now and again one or two of his young friends from the village would follow him to the mountains, but generally he had with him only two of the shepherd's dogs, which became much attached to him. His days were spent in the open air, wandering from place to place with the goats and sheep intrusted to him; but while at first he found plenty to do in exploring the neighborhood, a shepherd's life soon began to be very monotonous to him. He had been accustomed ever since he was a child to employ himself in many ways, and now he began to feel that it was tedious to do nothing all day but stay out of doors and watch his flock. One day, as he was sitting on a bank, feeling more than usually uneasy and depressed, he chanced to put his hand into his waistcoat pocket, and there he found his old knife, which had formerly given him so many hours of enjoyment. He instantly set to work and carved out the figures of th two dogs in wood. He was himself pleased with the likenesses, and having finished them, brought them home with him, and laid them quietly on the table in the house of the shepherd

whom he had been employed to assist. "What!" exclaimed the man; "why that is 'Bruno,' and this is 'Snap'; do you mean to say that you have made them?" "Yes," said the young artist, "I have indeed carved them both myself, and I did it on purpose for you, as I thought you would be pleased to have a likeness of your two favorites." The shepherd was delighted, and calling the other shepherds, he showed them what Frank had given him. These were the first efforts of Lawson's skill, which were taken much notice of. From this time he became a general favorite with the shepherds, who in their leisure hours would now come and sit round him, and watch him carving. In such work, and in such company, the successful sculptor may be said to have begun his career.

His master, the squire, had a number of fine horses, and the youth very much wished to make a likeness of one of these, — a beautiful Arab, — but he found it difficult to obtain the requisite opportunities of observing the animal. He most frequently saw it merely as it quickly passed him with its owner on its back. But he persevered and succeeded. When he had accomplished his purpose, he was one day standing at the gate of the park, comparing his work with the original, and, looking with satisfaction on his production, he exclaimed, "It is really like." "Like what?" asked a voice just behind him. It was his master's. This was the turning-point in the youth's history. This gentleman had business connections with Liverpool as well as a large estate in Wales, and he was so much pleased with young Lawson's skill, and the promise which it showed, that he soon after arranged that he should remove to that town, and pursue his studies under the direction of a sculptor there.

In Liverpool he experienced many difficulties and not a few real hardships; but he persevered, and in the end was rewarded. His master was kind to him, but was very strict. From early morning till late at night he was expected to be in the studio, and it was seldom he got a word of encouragement or praise. But he knew that he was succeeding, from a half-satisfied, half-gruff expression now and then, "Well, that's not so bad!" Thus passed a year and a half, when his instructor suddenly fell ill. There was a wide variety of work done in the studio, ranging from highly finished sculpture to the better class of monumental carving for cemeteries. Lawson's friends thought that to teach him even this would better his prospects in life, and prevent his talent from being utterly wasted. This illness of the master happened at an awkward time. He had received an order for a marble cross, which was to be richly carved, and none of his people, he was persuaded, could undertake it. He himself could do nothing. "May I try my hand at it?" asked the youth. But he was thought mad. He might manage a plain monument, but he would only spoil good marble if he attempted any thing more. But Frank was not thus to be discouraged. He begged to be allowed to make a model after his own idea in clay, and was permitted to try.

Having set to work with all his energy, he had finished the model in a few days, and silently placed it before his instructor. "Did you do all this alone?" he was asked, and of course he answered that he did.

"The plainer parts you may have done, but the carving at the base, the butterfly, the figure with the inverted torch, the angels' heads, — who did those?"

"I did, sir; I did it all," said Frank.

His master was overwhelmed with surprise, a d now said, "Well, you may try it in marble, if you like."

The work was done; and when the sculp-

tor, still weak from his illness, leaning on his pupil's arm, went into the studio to see it, he stood with his eyes fixed upon it, and this time forgot his "Not so bad!" and with delight exclaimed, "That indeed does you credit, my boy; and you have every reason to be proud of it. Go on working hard, and you will not fail to prosper." This was Lawson's first complete work in stone, and it encouraged him to persevere.

He devoted himself more than ever to his art, and the progress which he made was marvellous. Of all the pupils who attended the classes, he was the most constant and industrious, and on his return home he would instantly take up his chisel and set to work again. His father's sudden death had broken short his school-days, and now he not only labored hard at his loved professional tasks, but sought at evening classes to carry forward his general education. In our time there are opportunities for this greater than any which even he possessed; but he thankfully made use of what he had. In the use of similar means many a young man has carried himself far forward in the path of knowledge and culture.

Two more years passed away, and it was announced that a local association for the encouragement of art had offered a prize for the best piece of sculpture which should be executed within a specified time. The prize was to consist of a sum of money sufficient to carry a student to Italy, and to support him there for three years.

Frank heard this announcement with joy, and longed to try; but his hopes were dashed to ground by the recollection that he had not money enough with which to buy the requisite block of marble. Not being able to conceal his mortification, his master, observing that something was wrong, asked him what was the matter, and on being told smiled and said, "Do not trouble yourself over the marble, my boy; I will provide you with a block. But there are many who have studied longer than you who will try, and are more likely to get the prize. I admire your pluck though, and as I know you have a good deal of talent, I should not wonder if you got the second."

That same day he received a splendid piece of marble, and he now spent his whole time locked up in his own room. He would not even tell his master what he had chosen as the subject of his sculpture. Having finished his work and sent it in, his nervous anxiety was painful to witness. When the day of decision at last arrived his excitement was so great that he could not be present, but begged his instructor to go and bring him the news. The sculptor returned in an hour's time, and told him that as one of the chief umpires had not been able to attend, the prize would not be given till next day; but that the others were unanimous in fixing upon the statue that they considered best, and that therefore there could be no doubt as to the final decision. Frank asked if he had seen the statue and what was the subject of it, and his master, perceiving his agitation, put his hand on his shoulder and said kindly to him, "My poor boy, I do believe you have fostered the hope that it might be your statue. I must break to you at once that that is not the case. You can do a great deal that is very good, but you have not yet arrived at accomplishing any thing so perfect as this. The young artist, whoever he is, must have an extraordinary talent. The subject is that of a child playing with a tortoise."

Poor Frank uttered an exclamation at these words, and became as pale as death. The statue was *his*. But his master misunderstood him, and kindly said, "I am very sorry for you, my dear boy, but you should not have raised your hopes so high."

He then left the studio, thinking that his pupil would get over his disappointment better if he were alone. He kept out of his master's way for the rest of the day.

Next day due intimation was made to the young artist of his success, — a success which rejoiced his master as much as it did himself. When he went to receive his prize, he having been sent for, and desired to bring his master with him, he met not only with the gentlemen of the association which had offered it, but found that one of his former friends was present, the gentleman to whom, in his boyhood, he had been a goat-herd, his patron and helper, who congratulated him warmly on his success.

After his three years' sojourn in Italy, he was in circumstances by means of the work which he had executed to take an extended tour in Germany, and after a time he returned to England, and labored successfully in his art in London. But Italy, the home of the fine arts, had charms for him which were possessed by no other country. He therefore went back to what had been to him the land of so much enjoyment, and having only very slender ties to bind him to his own birthplace, he spent the greater part of his remaining life in Rome.

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For The Dayspring.

## "BILLY CLARK."

I WILL tell the boys who read the "Dayspring" a true story about a very queer young man in Nantucket. His name is "Billy Clark," and, although very eccentric, his life has no habits but those of industry and virtue, and so really worthy of our imitation, as you will see.

Billy is eighteen years old, quite a boy for his simple honesty; yet a man in point of usefulness.

He has a queer place for his office, for he is a man of business, and by far the busiest man in town: when, if you wish to find him, you will know he is somewhere about the streets by his horn, which he blows, announcing his wares or his business, as he goes regularly by. His office (or head-quarters) is in the steeple of the Unitarian Church, which stands upon the highest point of land in this pleasant old town. Here Billy has a complete range of the whole place, of every street, of the wide sweep of water on all sides of the island, and of nearly every house on it. Away up in this high outlook Billy has his singular retreat, but more singular duties. He holds a close watch upon the town many long hours in the day, and is in readiness to alarm the people, with his horn, if any house gets on fire, of any vessel in distress, and regularly notifies the steamer's distant approach which brings so many summer visitors to the island. In clear days he sees fifteen miles away; and long before the steamer is in sight from the wharf, Billy is ringing it forth from steeple and tower, as if an unheard-of joy to the people below.

Billy is a newsboy, a town crier of all kinds of news; of the arrivals, lectures, and meetings, varying his habit from the horn to the bell, both of which would seem a quaint custom enough anywhere but in his own town. His life is as single in its purpose as it is sure in its course of trustiness. He is a model little man for minding his *own* business, for when on his street errands there is not a boy in town who can tempt him from duty to idleness. And, again, he is peculiarly what men love to meet in the world, — "one whom we always know where to find," — for Billy is sure to be about the streets, or up in the church steeple, happily thinking, no doubt, of duties *done*, and many more *to be done*.

Now these simple habits of this very humble boy tell a good deal. First, of his real

usefulness in the world in which he lives; of his voluntary love of many duties, that amount to positive sacrifice, for the faithfulness with which we see them done. Industry becomes a virtue, by its results of independence added to usefulness, to the many who are ready to honor and reward it. And Billy Clark is not without reward for his faithfulness: already his prudence has told him to lay away his earnings in the bank; and these to-day amount to six hundred dollars, a bigger capital than many men have possessed when beginning the business of life. These earnings come slowly and from small sources; but in some cases Billy has been paid a handsome sum for giving the alarm to men who would go off in boats and relieve vessels in distress, and save life and property in time of storm and danger.

We find in Billy Clark's life a beautiful fulfilment of Christ's teaching in the parable of the talents. Billy may be like any one of those servants who had given him either two or one of God's gifts, but we find him always using them as if they were God-given. He tells us how to use our opportunities, and that they are really ours only as we avail ourselves of them. And he who neglects to use the *one* talent cannot hope to retain even that.

Billy is teaching the best of lessons, that we are accountable to our heavenly Father, not for the *amount* we have gained, but for our diligence and fidelity in the use of what has been intrusted to us.

I know he will hear, some day, not, "Well done, good and successful," but "good and *faithful* servant." C.

## HUMOROUS.

A MAN wishing to go to Taunton was riding in the opposite direction. Meeting a farmer in the road, he drew up and asked, "How far is it to Taunton, if I keep straight on?" "Well," said the farmer, with a twinkle in his eye, "if ye keep straight on the way ye're going now, it's about 25,000 miles; but if ye turn right round and go t'other way, it's about half a mile."

A sharp student was called up by a worthy professor of a celebrated college, and asked the following question: —

"Can a man see without eyes?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"How, sir," cried the astonished professor, "can a man see without eyes?"

"He can see with one."

A missionary among the freedmen in Tennessee, after relating to some little colored children the story of Ananias and Sapphira, asked them why God does not strike everybody dead that tells a lie. One of the youngest in the room quickly answered: "Because there wouldn't be anybody left."

Schoolmaster, — "First little boy, what is your name?" Little boy, — "Jule." Schoolmaster, — "Oh, no: your name is Julius. Next little boy, what is yours?" Second little boy, — "My name is Billious."

A little fellow, five or six years old, who had been wearing undershirts much too small for him, was, one day after having been washed, put into a garment as much too large as the others had been too small. The six-year old shrugged his shoulders, shook himself, walked around, and finally burst out with, "Ma, I do feel awful lonesome in this shirt."

A Sabbath school teacher, desirous of waking the dormant powers of a scholar, asked the question, "What are we taught by the historic incident of Jacob wrestling with the angel?" The cautious reply came, "Dunno, 'zactly, but I 'spose 'twas to tell us we mustn't rastle."

LITTLE MABEL.

## MABEL IN THE COUNTRY.

LITTLE MABEL lived in the city. She had been sick, and was getting better so slowly that her mother thought it would do her good to go into the country, where she could be out-doors a great deal.

Mabel had an uncle in a pleasant town in Vermont. He had a fine farm, great fields, with grand old maple-trees in them; and he kept ever so many cows, and oxen, and horses.

Cousin Jennie wrote to Mabel's mother that, if she would let Mabel come to Vermont to the farm, she would take care of her, and try to get her well and strong.

Mabel's mother was glad enough to have her go. She herself went to Vermont with her, but could stay only two or three days.

Mabel soon got so that she felt just as if she were at home. Everybody was kind to her; and Cousin Jennie was with her, helping her have a good time, a great part of the day. It is true she felt bad, and even cried, when her mother left her for home. But she soon got happy again. No one could feel bad very long who had such a kind, bright Cousin Jennie.

Almost every pleasant afternoon they would go out in the great pasture, near a little pond; and Jennie would sit under a large maple, sometimes reading, and sometimes watching Mabel, who would run about getting flowers, or stand by the pond watching the frogs.

One day Mabel was getting some clover-blossoms, and a bee lighted upon the back of her hand, and stung her. The sharp, burning pain made her cry very hard. Jennie ran to her, and took her under the tree, and in a little while made the pain all go away. Then Mabel felt sleepy. Jenny hugged her up close to her; and Mabel had a nice nap. You can see how she looked when sleeping, by the picture.

Mabel stayed with Cousin Jennie three months; and then went home a stout, well girl. She soon began to go to school.

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For The Dayspring.

## MIRIAM.

BY E. P. C.

CHAPTER XI. — *A Time to Dance.*

WE had our time to dance when Molly was about ten years. Enchanted, yet anxious, we were arrayed in white cambric frocks, high-colored plaid sashes, and blue and purple morocco slippers. Our hearts went pit-a-pat as Monsieur Labassé placed us in position with a class of beginners in the centre of Concert Hall.

We could have echoed the phrase, "It is the first step which costs," as, before spectators, we tried to keep our balance, and imitate with our awkward feet the master's graceful movements. But, in a few lessons, I "double shuffled" with the best of the scholars, though I never danced as prettily as Miriam, who had small feet and a good ear for music.

Ah, I would rather have had the good ear than to have danced like a sylph! Every one sang in our house but poor me, so I think I must have been born with a voice, and lost it when I had the measles; but it would have been worse to have lost my sight, as some children do. I was most sorry to sit mute Sunday evenings, when all joined in singing psalm tunes. And it seems so strange that any one who can sing has to be urged to.

I know you all like to dance, that a merry tune on piano, violin, or hand-organ will set you going any minute; but you must not forget that there is a time for it. But that phrase, "It is the first step that costs," is true of more than dancing. How is it about getting out of bed biting winter mornings? Do you linger and linger? Be a man, and take the first step at once. "No great harm," you say, "a few minutes more;" but, if you flinch at trifles, it will be all over with you some time in great things. Don't let it be so; but let that good maxim, "It is the first step which costs," be your soul's life-preserver.

Happy, contented people find a time to dance very often. Their cheery smile and springy step show they do not spurn the green ball on which they live, and that they are sure their Creator meant them to be happy on earth as well as in heaven.

There is another lesson to be drawn from our dancing school. We did not dance in the same way as you do. We sprang, where you glide. Our style was more animated; and you would laugh at the "pigeon's wings" which we cut, well pleased at our lightness and activity. Now this would be natural, but not polite; and kind-hearted children will always be anxious not to laugh at what is old fashioned. Your style of dancing is more graceful than ours; but some of our ways were better than yours; and, as I have told you before, one was, we were more respectful to the aged.

If you say, "You do not tell us a word about your school-mates," my excuse must be that, though I was wrapped up in them then, I have forgotten most of their ways. And you'll find it so. Perhaps you think it fine to run away from your brothers or sisters, and devote yourself to some stranger child; no harm done moderately, but not to take the place of brothers and sisters.

Sometimes we are attracted by what friends can give us. I know how fond I was of the girl whose father dealt in cask-raisins and rock-candy. I remember the boy who noticed that I could not tie a shoe-string; his being so observing as a child helped to make him an inventor when he grew up. It would not be possible to forget Jim, the handsome, curly-headed boy, who came in Highland costume to our play-chamber to declaim, "Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!" and who gave his elder brother no peace till a cent was forthcoming to buy me a pewter ring, and which he dropped in my box, too shy to present it.

We liked to keep shop better than to cook. In tiny scales we weighed the goods we sold for pins; and envied the shop-keepers who did in earnest what we did in play. But we found how hard it was to make money when Carlos brought but twenty-five cents from the apothecary for a hundred peach-meats, carefully strung.

We cut paper ladders and towers, pressed flowers, made rose-cakes, — and then hated to eat them. We imitated and invented from morning till night. I do not remember we earned any thing; but it is an excellent plan to try to, and in the good time coming the little folks I hope will find the way. Then they will not tire of play, it will be so nicely mixed with work, nor bother their mother with, — "*What shall I do now?*"

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CHAPTER XII. — *Prizes Worth Winning.*

UNLESS children are lame they walk, unless blind they see. But did you ever think how odd it is that no two walk alike, and no two see alike? You may agree about the different walking, but say, "If two look at the same object they must see the same." But do you not remember that I saw the light of the sun without seeing the sun himself? I had as good eyes as Miriam, but half the time I saw without seeing.

There are many other ways in which we are like, and yet unlike. We are taught to write; we make the same letters, but give them a different twist or turn. But the great point is to write clearly, so as to be read easily.

I thought the world of hand-writing, and was not a little vain of mine, which, though good for a child, was rather stiff. I spared no pains in forming my letters, and tried to closely imitate the fine copy set me. I had heard that if you wished three times before a *calico*, or parti-colored, horse passed, your wish would come true; and I was keenly disappointed when my honest effort and superstitious wish gained only the *second* prize for writing.

I liked winning any prize, but my heart was set on the first for writing. You know how sharp the trial is when a school-mate excels you in a favorite study, one in which you hope to shine; but we learn at last that to deserve success is better than to win it, and to bear failure cheerfully is still more charming.

When dear Miss F. was ill, I went for a short time to schools where prizes were not given, and I resented this by disrespect to the teachers. Now I am glad prizes have gone out of fashion; for children who won them were often self-seeking and vain-glorious, and children who failed to win them were sometimes envious or discouraged.

There are prizes, we cannot handle, well worth winning, and that all can win, — the prize of self-approval, in doing our best, and the prize of our parents' thankfulness.

Another folly of mine was my desire for pocket-money. My friend Caroline's father allowed her twenty-five cents a week: I went home eager for the same. When my father said "no," I paced up and down a solitary chamber in a rage of disappointment, unwilling to admit that there might be good reason for denial.

You may say a girl anxious for prizes and pocket-money, and angry when she did not get them, could not be calm enough to observe what was going on around her, especially when she read or studied most of the time; but I was alive to the wonders of the snow, the softness of its fall, its increase and alteration of familiar objects, the solemn whiteness with which it clothes the earth.

I admired the glittering fret-work of frost on the window-panes, and was amused by the post bonnets, which were of the same fashion every winter.

But I lately read a more beautiful account of what the frost does than any I could give you, — here it is: "The trees stood like gigantic crystallizations, so white and sparkling were the frost-covered branches. Every needle of the young and old pine-trees was

veiled by a crust of ice. Countless dainty forms of frozen grasses and shrubs covered the ground, decked with spider webs, to whose delicate threads clung millions of tiny splinters of ice, transforming them into rough silver lace. The wide forest resembled a master-piece of dull embossed silver, as if the world consisted of children, for whom the great Lord and Master had taken the trouble to create such an exquisite plaything. Alfred's childhood also returned to him as he stood surrounded by this cold, silvery glitter, which reminded him of Rückert's poem of the little tree that wanted to have silver leaves."

Perhaps you find it hard to get by a jeweller's shop, and think, as you gaze at the beautiful show, "Ah, if only I were rich, and could buy some of that brilliant silverware and some of those sparkling jewels!" When you are older, and may be own what you so much admired as a child, you will find that such things do not satisfy; and that there is truer delight in the vast jeweller's shop nature spreads before us, enamelled flowers and pearly dew-drops in summer, diamond icicles and the crusted silver of the snow in winter; and all to be bought for the price of an open eye and an attentive mind.

If I were to say, "Come, children, let us go to the panorama of the Mississippi," you would jump for joy; but every day we neglect the glorious panorama unrolled before us, to the music of the whistling wind and the full orchestra of song-birds. Begin to observe it to-day and never stop observing, and this world, now your home, will grow wonderfully curious and interesting.

I pined for prizes of books and silver pens; learn by my folly, and covet the worthier prize of the eye that sees, the mind that thinks, the heart that is grateful. You cannot take toys or jewels with you when you leave this world; but you can take the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. Your clothes wear out, your toys break, your jewels tarnish. What is it you own that flake by flake, drop by drop, particle by particle, grows, hardens, and becomes permanent? Is it not your character, your true self, which you can never lay aside, but which goes with you into heaven?

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For The Dayspring.

## OUR BABY.

Oh! who ever met
Such a plague, such a pet,
As this dear little Baby of ours?
She is chubby and white,
With hair silken and bright,
And her breath is as sweet as the flowers.

Then she looks very wise
From her laughing blue eyes;
And although she's a little snub nose,
I'm quite sure of this,
That her mouth's made to kiss,—
For 'tis just like the bud of a rose.

Hands dimpled and fair,
To pull at your hair;
Two feet, with ten little pink toes,—
We roll her and shake her,
We all love to take her,
When she's good, when she laughs and she crows.

We dance and caress her,
We dress and undress her,
She's sweeter than sugar or honey!
But it's no use to try
Our Baby to buy
With any, or all, of your money.

Yes, she's better than gold;
But the truth must be told,—
Such a tyrant ne'er sat on a throne.
When she sleeps, on tip-toe
Through the room you must go,
And speak in a whispering tone.

She must dance, or yet trot,
While you sing, or what not,
No matter how tired you may be;
To her you must chatter,
Must rock her, or pat her, —
Oh, a terrible tyrant is she!

And then, for her size,
How loudly she cries,
How she fights to have her own way;
How she rumples our bows,
And her own dainty clothes,
Keeping every one busy all day!

We study to please her,
Perhaps though we tease her;
We repeat all the jingles we know;
With her hands pat-a-cake,
With her little toes make
Five piggy-wigs all in a row.

But if friends come to call,
Our pride surely will fall,
If we try our dear Baby to show;
For she don't care a fig
For little or big,
And she won't be good-natured, — oh, no!

For she's wiser than we;
Perhaps she can see
How slyly folks smile at each other;
That they really don't care
At a baby to stare,
Though often they flatter her mother.

If sometimes she may be
A cross little Baby,
Yet every day sweeter she grows;
Let her suck her new shoes,
Or her sash, if she choose, —
There's more to be bought, I suppose.

And, to finish my song,
She's as broad as she's long, —
This roly-poly Baby of ours;
So bonnie and fair,
May our little pet ne'er
Find a thorn hid away in life's flowers!

May good angels love her,
And though they may hover
Around her by night and by day,
To bless her in all things,
Yet give her no white wings,
Nor beckon our Baby away!

BESSIE BENTLY.

For The Dayspring.

## BERRYING.

A TRUE STORY.

ON one bright summer day, three little children asked mamma's consent to go and gather berries. The large-sized raspberries grew just in the edge of the wood near the house; and the mother, with many words of caution, at last said *yes*, even though the children were so young. Mary was just eight years old, Annie about six, and Eddie only three. He wanted to go because the sisters did; and Mary felt that she could take good care of him, for she loved her little brother d arly.

They filled their pails as they wandered about; and as the sunlight began to fade away they started for home. They had wandered farther into the wood than they knew, and after walking a long time towards the road as they thought, they knew that they were lost. Eddie and Annie began crying; and as the darkness came upon them, shutting them from all the world, they were greatly frightened, little Eddie often crying in fear: "The bears are coming." But Mary, with the care of Eddie in her heart, felt strong and brave. So she comforted the little ones, still walking onward.

Soon they came to a little brook hurrying on cheerfully, as if no sorrow made the little children it passed grieve so much. Annie said then: —

"The little brook knows just where to go, and is happy; but we don't, and I can't help crying."

Mary answered cheerfully: —

"We can cross the brook, — perhaps we shall be nearer home."

So they emptied the berries they had carried all this time; then taking off their shoes

and stockings put them into the pails, and walked bravely through the water to the other side, and pressed steadily onward, believing each step brought them nearer home.

It was not long before the little feet were too tired to travel farther; and the little ones were almost without hope, yet Mary, feeling only greater care for them, said: —

"We can break branches off the trees and make beds as people do when they are "camping out,' and play we are 'camping out' until father comes for us."

Pleased with the idea of play, they brought together branches and leaves, and the large ferns and brakes, and made them a bed where they lay down to sleep, feeling sure that the good God who made the moon and stars so bright for their sake would let no harm come to them.

Now through all this time do you think they were not missed at home?

At supper time their mother looked along the road for them, and began to be anxious. But she thought, "It is not late. I suppose they wait to fill their pails. But I wish they were here." When her husband came in, she asked what he thought best to do. He answered: —

"Wait till after supper, and, if they are not here then, I'll go meet them. I guess they are all right."

Then they sat down to the table where tea was already waiting, but the mother was too anxious to eat, and the father pushed his plate aside, saying: "I'm not hungry to-night. I will go now after the children."

He took his hat and walked quickly down the road, his wife beside him. As they walked along, they called frequently, "Mary! Annie! Eddie!" But they could get no answer.

They stopped at each house as they went along, asking if any had seen their little ones, but from each came the answer, "Not to-night;" but all said, "We will go with you to find them."

The mother, too tired to walk farther, went home to wait for them there; and some friends went with her that she might be less lonely.

Soon all the men and boys were out in one large company, which was soon divided and ordered in different directions to search through the wood for the three little ones, who, too, were seeking their home and friends.

When they came to the brook, a question came in the mind of the leader, — the children's own father, — "Are they drowned?" for there are places in this brook where the water is deep.

But they saw the three heaps of berries that had been poured upon the ground. At last they had found one trace of those they sought. Some of the men leaped across the brook, and the rest walked beside it up and down.

All night they wandered; but in the morning the father saw a mound before him. He dared not speak; he scarcely breathed. His heart beat hard and fast as he sprang toward it.

Then a moment of silent joy, of thankfulness to the All-loving Father who gives so many blessings, before he gave the cry of "Found! Found!" for his darlings were before him safe and sleeping sweetly.

As his joyous cry rang through the trees, the children woke, and found themselves in their father's arms.

They were hurried back to the weary, waiting mother, who, as she heard the glad shouting, ran to meet them. The village bells were rung, and guns fired to call back the tired men who had been seeking through the long night for these lost little ones.

During the morning the photograph-artist came with his instruments, and took a picture

of the children, standing bare-foot, their shoes and stockings in the pails they held in their hands, as they had carried them in the night, and the men who had given the night to find them, more than a hundred, standing behind and beside them.

How much they will think of this picture by and by when they are older!

FLORA E.

ELLSWORTH, Maine.

## BOOK NOTICES.

HOW MARJORY HELPED. — A prize story selected by the Ladies' Commission. It needs no other commendation; but we will add that it is a charming book, healthful in tone, with some quiet humor, and full of interest. Boys and girls must all read it. They remember Mr. Hale's motto, *Lend a Hand;* and this book will help them to find many ways of extending that helping hand.

THE CENTURIES. — "M. L. B.," the signature of a writer who often favors the readers of "The Dayspring," has invented a game which she calls "The Centuries." It consists of thirty-one cards, upon which, in regular order, are given the principal historical events from the commencement of the Christian era. The method of playing the game tends to fix the events in the mind, and thus instruction is coupled with amusement. The game is published by Spencer Brothers, Uxbridge, Mass.

## Puzzles.

22.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

A GOOD MOTTO.

My first is in boat, but not in ship;
My second in mote, but not in chip;
My third is in zinc, but not in lead;
My fourth is in drink, but not in bread;
My fifth is in cheer, but not in shout;
My sixth is in fear, but not in doubt;
My seventh in chair, but not in stool;
My eighth is in snare, but not in fool;
My ninth is in wheat, but not in oat;
My tenth is in sheet, but not in coat;
My last is in sought, but not in find;
And thus have I brought them all to mind.

23.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The hidden things below unfold:
Of flowers, the fairest, two behold!

A little stream from bubbling spring;
Of Israel, sixth in line, a king;
Immortal, keep it pure and bright;
Let not another's good excite.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

20. — N ebo
A bel
Z ebedee
A saph
R uth
E sau
T homas
H annah

21. — If asked wrong to go,
Be sure to say *no;*
*Evil*, of course, you will shun;
And ever you'll seek
The true *word* to speak:
NEW to be OLD has begun.

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